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CENTENARY NUMBER.

NO. 14.

Midsummer Term, 1922.



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# The Academite.

A Magazine issued each Term by Students of the  
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

No. 14. ONE SHILLING.

Midsummer Term, 1922.

*Editor and Business Manager:*  
RUSSELL E. CHESTER.

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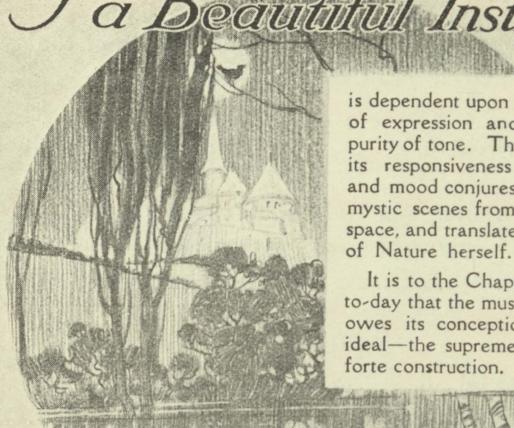
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Contributions, clearly written on only one side of the paper, are invited from all students, ex-students and others connected with the R.A.M. Back Numbers are obtainable from the Editor.

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# The Academite.

## Editorial.



HE Centenary Celebrations come at a very opportune moment in British musical life. The work of a large school of music is too often overlooked, its activities almost resented, and its achievements belittled. During the War, British Music and Musicians gained some part of their deserved recognition; some British artists and composers assumed their rightful places alongside the greatest. In the last years foreign competition has become terrific. If our cause has lost ground here, it has progressed there. At a time when the National Opera Company has completed a successful season under difficult conditions and without a subsidy, when the British Music Society is successfully establishing itself, our great institution is able to come forward proudly and show something of what it has accomplished in a hundred years of earnest effort. Our Celebrations will be essentially a Festival of British Music and will demonstrate very clearly the great advance that has been made in our powers of musical self-expression. Let us seek inspiration in this fortnight with which to keep the torch aflame.

## R.A.M. Club (Branch C.)

With the object of establishing all R.A.M. athletics on a sounder and more successful basis, a new branch of the R.A.M. Club, Branch C, has been formed. This new branch will arrange and be responsible for all athletics in connection with the Academy, the sports encouraged being hockey and swimming for ladies, football and cricket for men, and tennis for both; it will be open to professors, students and ex-students.

As in the case of other branches, Branch C will have its own committee and officers. The committee includes: Mr. Harry Farjeon, M. Henry Beauchamp, Mr. Claud Pollard, and Mr. T. B. Knott, representing the Professors, two student representatives from each branch of sport, with Mr. J. A. Creighton as Chairman, Mr. Alger Bell as Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. Heber Watkins as Hon. Secretary.

The scheme has been laid before the committee of Branch A, and by them cordially welcomed, as tending to promote that friendliness and solidarity with the Academy, which it is the object of the Club to encourage.

Owing to the preparations for the Centenary Celebrations, there has been little opportunity for proceeding with the scheme this term. For the Michaelmas Term, however, in addition to football and hockey there is a possibility of securing hard tennis courts close to the Academy. Further particulars will be made known next term.

R.A.M.

March 7th, 1922.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I be permitted to make a suggestion, through your columns, to those R.A.M. students interested in sport?

Would it not be possible to form a Rugby Football Club? I am sure there must be some—at least enough to form one team—interested in this wonderful game.

Yours etc.,

To The Editor of "The Academite,"

R.A.M.

I.C.



## Prizes and Prize Winners.

THE first distribution of Prizes to students was in 1823, when two twelve-year-old harpists, being adjudged equal in merit, were made to draw lots for the medal and the loser naturally went off into such floods of tears that she could only be consoled by being given an extra medal at Lord Burghersh's expense. From that day to this the keenest interest has been taken in the gaining of annual awards and no student is considered to have done his or her duty without having been awarded Bronze Medal, Silver Medal and Certificate for principal study in three consecutive years. But the high-flyers do much more than this. After two years of "Consucration" in any secondary study it is possible to win medals and certificate for this too; a silver medal or certificate for Sight-singing proclaims its gainer one of the *élite*, while the gaining of even a Bronze medal for Harmony is the sign of a really finished musician. There are, besides, special competitions for special prizes, outside the curriculum; a singer's highest ambition is to gain the Parépa Rosa gold medal, a pianist's the Macfarren Medal, a composer's the Charles Lucas Medal, and so on. Finally, the most brilliant student of the year, having won any of these, may receive that crown of success the Dove Prize for general excellence, an *ex cathedra* award which causes the Principal many an anxious hour.

For a good many years Miss Llewela Davies was believed to hold the record as a prize winner, but of late years, the number of special prizes has so increased that her total of 17 must have been exceeded. Irene Scharrer was believed to hold the juvenile record, but this is incorrect; Agnes Zimmerman (1857-64) gained her first award when only nine and a little boy named Ching gained a Bronze medal for Piano at an earlier age still, but did not maintain his brilliancy.

As time goes on eminent musicians pass away and their admirers naturally desire to perpetuate their memory with a Scholarship or Prize. These being founded in perpetuity, increase continually in number, till we are faced in the distant future with the certainty that we shall eventually have more awards than students.

The names of Scholarship holders and Extra-prize winners used to be painted up on boards which decorated the tortuous passages at Tenderden Street, evoking much interest among students and visitors. It is much regretted that no place could be found for these records in the elegant halls at York Gate. It has been in contemplation to restore them in a less unsightly form—perhaps in the panels of the Concert Hall, but the expense and the alarming fact that the names now increase by about 100 each year render the undertaking hardly a possible one.

F.C.

## Moonlight on a Summer Evening.

There's a most mysterious silent light  
That shineth up on high,  
And sheds a calm sweet influence  
With its big protecting eye,

While its more powerful brother  
Sinks further out of sight,  
And leaves us almost speechless  
At the beauty of the night.

I feel safe in its protection,  
In this shadowy land of song,  
And I almost dread the moment,  
Which brings the drowsy dawn.

So Goodnight you dear old moonshine,  
I love your quiet gaze  
You seem to draw us nearer  
To Heaven and her ways.

S. C. Stewart.

## The Philosophers.

[*The University of London Union Magazine offered two Prizes of Three Guineas each for the best original Poem and for the best original Piece of Imaginative Prose.*

*Professor Sir Sidney Lee very kindly consented to make the final decision. In his report, he wrote:—*

*“Of the pieces of Imaginative Prose submitted to me I am of opinion that the piece entitled ‘The Philosophers,’ by E. W. Adams, deserves the prize. The graceful and lucid style is well adapted to the happy vein of fancy.”*

*We have much pleasure in reproducing this piece, by courtesy of the editor of the U.L.U. Magazine. Ed.]*

WHEN I penetrate deep into the heart of the woodland I seem to surprise a convention of calm philosophers in birth with thought. Far retired from all distraction they spend their days in leisurely contemplation. The silences of the forest seem to hold the slow, grand thoughts of the trees. Their speech is the soft rustling of the leaves and the swaying of the boughs in the wind. Trees only of all living things have the infinite leisure required for thought. The flowers and the herb of the field are too short lived, and man's brief life in three parts occupied in satisfying the clamant needs of his body. But the time-defying creatures of the forest elaborate their unhasting philosophy in the great silence, and the wide spaces. They alone have the elemental freedom and the nearness to the heart of things required for true thought: their deep roots twine lovingly around the heart of the mother of us all. They fulfil also another essential condition, for they have the primal innocence without which no true philosophy can arise. We humans are men of blood and murderers from the beginning. We take life to sustain our own: animal or vegetable it matters not. We are murderers all. We cannot build the temple of pure philosophy. As David, with blood on his hands, was not permitted to build the Temple of the Lord, so we, nocent as we are, are allowed only to gather the materials for the mighty House we may not fashion nor shape. But the trees of the forest, like all their kind, are blood-guiltless. They steal not their life as we do, but they create life and confer it. So are they elect of Nature to raise the fabric of a cleaner philosophy than that of man.

There is a concentration of purpose in their silent convention as though they thought not by unit, after the fashion of man, but in one solid mass. Their philosophy is one. Grand chords of thought come pouring forth like a symphony and may be heard by the initiate. Unhasting and unresting, they perform their priestly office of purifying the souls and bodies of the less favoured of the human race. The oxygen made by their leaves sweeps through the close streets of men and renews the breath of their lives. So too does it seem that the age-evolved thoughts sweep from the forest through our crowded minds to freshen and purify the vivitated cloisters of the spirit.

The thoughts of the trees vary with the seasons: their philosophy is many-sided and in harmony with the Nature of Things. In Summer, their leaves, partnering the breezes, dance with joy to the tune of the thoughts, for then is their philosophy high music: but in Winter they occupy their business with sterner and more solemn themes. Yet their chosen time is the more genial season, for looking up you may see the leafless twigs, outspread like delicate imploring fingers, stretched appealingly towards the Spring that is so long in coming. When Spring arrives at last, and the germinal sap courses again in renewed stream through their veins, their thoughts begin once more the ascent from Hades, summoned by the crescent Sun.

The philosophy of the forest is a paradox. It is final, for the primal truth and simplicity of the trees fit them for companionship with the eternal. Yet it is ever presented under new aspects. It is complete, as eternity is complete, and yet makes use of time: even as eternity manifests itself by an ever-changing crystallisation in time. No philosophy can compare with theirs. You may see their lonely sentinels on the sky-lines of great hills, their lofty heads clear of Earth, searching the vastnesses of cold, pure space, as though it were their duty to signal the thoughts of the Universe to their brethren snuggling in the valleys or massed upon the plains.

Those, again, draw their inspiration from a more homely source, yet all alike work as one, combining the whole in one grand synthesis. The storm of Winter and the calm of Summer teach them other matters and all is woven into an unbroken web.

They are worthy of homage, these forest philosophers, in their serene detachment. Calm and abiding, oblivious alike of man's interest or neglect, they tell their message to the centuries while our generations rise and pass away.

E. W. ADAMS

(*Birkbeck College*).

### “Reverie.”

I heard them speak of Primrose Hill and lo ! before my eye  
Arose a mass of yellow on a Mount that reached the sky.  
And when they spoke of Poplar I could see a wond'rous sheen  
And Notting Dale, I feel convinced is fragrant and serene.  
I heard them talk of Moorgate, and the musky scent of broom  
And purple heather mingled with the blue smoke in the room :  
But when they mentioned Hyde-park not a vestige could I see  
Because the little nestling park had hid away from me.

Someday I'm going to take a bus and ride to Palmers Green  
And there I'll toss the hay about and sniff a flowering bean :  
Or else I'll go to Chelsea and build castles in the sand,  
Or walk along the promenade and listen to the band.

I'd *love* to live in Bloomsbury—where the hot-houses abound,  
Or Shepherds Bush where lots of little lambkins frolic round.

Have you heard tell of Maida Vale ? It's sweet and cool and low  
It runs between two mountain chains and stretches miles you know.  
And Piccadilly Circus ? It's the finest in the town ;  
The smaller one at Cambridge has the most amusing clown.

St. John's Wood's weird and bosky and its trees grow all awry  
And Highgate's like a rainbow arching up into the sky.

They mock me for a dreamer and an idealist but Oh !  
I *much* prefer my fancies to the things these others *know*.

D.A.

### Prize Competition.

The Editor offers a First Prize of 5s. and two Consolation Prizes of 2s. 6d. each for the best cast of the Domestic and Professional Pantomime-Burlesque,

“Dick Whittington.”

Entries must be signed, and will be treated with every discretion. They should be sent in by October 31st, and the Editor's decision will be final.

The Cat.	Principal Boy.
The Villain.	Hen-pecking Wife.
The Sultan and Wife.	Wealthy Merchants.
The Henpecked Husband.	Infant Prodigy.
Court Jester.	Leader of the Corps de Ballet.
Good Fairy.	Columbine.
Bad Fairy.	Harlequin.
Comic Relief.	Pantaloons.
Principal Girl.	Call Boy.
Her Father.	Stage Carpenter.
Her Mother.	Wardrobe Mistress.
Her Confidante.	Lighting Effects.
The Confidante's Suitor.	Producer.

Press Agent.

## Of Marriage and many things pertaining thereto.



YE young men and maidens, hearken unto me: even ye whose youth is past give ear unto me, that ye may profit by my counsel and the wisdom which I would impart unto you.

For I have known many people, and I say unto you that the desolation wrought by fire and tempest is as nought beside that wrought in the lives of those who enter rashly into the estate of matrimony.

Therefore would I give ye counsel, that those among you who, not knowing what ye do, are determined to take this yoke upon you, may reflect while there is yet time, and so temper your actions with caution, that the unhappiness in store for you may be lessened.

For know ye, that if in marriage ye obtain even some small degree of happiness ye have done well, and are more fortunate than the greater part of your neighbours.

Wherefore, I say unto you that in marriage ye must "give and take," which is to say, that one shall continually give and one continually take, for if two shall take at the same time then shall trouble enter into thy house. For it is ordained that one shall lead and one follow, and if two shall desire to lead, or two desire to follow, then shall they be unequally mated and much trouble shall enter into their house.

But flatter not yourselves that "it is ordained that man shall lead, and woman follow," for verily in marriage the strong become weak and the weak strong.

O, ye young men, choose wisely! If ye think within yourselves, "For me, one who is meek and gentle, loving and obedient, who shall put her hand in mine and suffer me gladly to lead her," then choose not yonder golden-haired maiden with eyes so blue, with mien so pensive and demure. For know ye that when she has thee secure, she shall twist thee round her little finger. Yea, all that she wants shall she get out of thee, and before many moons are past thou wilt not be able to call thy soul thine own.

But if ye seek humility, choose rather yonder stern dark-browed maiden, who maketh much talk that she despiseth man and will suffer no one 'mong you to call her slave. Conquer her boldly, and ye shall find her e'en as the doormat under thy feet. Rule her firmly, and all her life she shall adore thee.

Oh, ye husbands, be not dull. Many sins shall your wives forgive thee, but this shall they not forgive. And think not within yourselves, "Now we are one she shall have no cause for jealousy. Now will I regard no other woman with favour," for verily thou pronouncest thine own doom. For then shall thy wife say within herself, "Verily, 'tis but a poor worm," and in her heart of hearts she shall despise thee.

But be thou wise, and when thou goest into much company with thy wife, take heed that thou makest thyself attractive unto others, so she may see that others regard thee with favour. But be ye *ever* careful that on returning to the privacy of thy dwelling thou take her into thine arms and say:

"Yea, others are fair, but thou art fairer! How shall one, having the moon, desire the stars?"

Then shall she say unto herself, "Verily, 'tis a prince among men, and he is *mine*," and in her heart of hearts she shall adore thee.

But take care that thou omittest not to do this, for otherwise much trouble shall lie in store for thee.

Oh, ye wives, be not over loving to your husbands. Suffer yourselves to be loved, rather than love too much. For if ye make too much show of affection and shower sweet words upon them, then shall they take your love too much for granted, and in time it shall come to mean nothing to them.

But if ye are sparing in your affection, then when ye shall unbend from time to time and show the love of which ye are capable, then shall they be transported with delight.

And if in the first flush of love, oh, maiden, thy lover should say to thee, "Verily, thou art a queen among women and I am unworthy of thee," answer not humbly, "Nay, 'tis I am unworthy of thee," lest in time he should come to think it is even so. But rather suffer him to think that thou condescendest in stooping to him.

Oh, ye dreamers of dreams, ye adventurous of spirit, marry not, for he shall be happier journeying through life with thy hopes unfulfilled, and thinking ever, "Peradventure romance awaits me here," than if ye had married. For when the rose of your dreams had faded to grey, and your hopes lay wrecked around you, then would ye be desolate in soul and cry, "There is no romance, there is no love that lasteth." Wherefore I say unto you, marry not.

But if ye have infinite patience, infinite forbearance, and infinite capacity to endure monotony and pain, then marry, and peace be with you.

X.Y.Z.

### Italian Culture.



ITALIAN culture is a universally accepted phenomenon of which the Italians themselves are much aware and more than a little proud. Something of the glory of Greek learning and the glamour of the Renaissance still clings to Italy, and it is in her infinite erudition that she seeks consolation for her present secondary importance in the world of politics and economics.

Every nation has its particular representative type of manhood, the expression of its collective ideals and ambitions. The Englishman, for example, in spite of all arguments to the contrary, is expected to be a sportsman, and besides excelling in various games and athletic occupations, must be courageous, strong, quick, and have tremendous powers of endurance. Once he is all this he is forgiven a multitude of other defects; no one has ever expected him to be cultured, for example; the very most that is necessary is that he should get through his examinations, if he is going into one of the learned professions, and after that he may continually display the most utter ignorance on all subjects irrelevant to his work without evoking surprise. Culture is not a *sine qua non* in England's particular representative man.

In Italy, on the other hand, it is of paramount importance. The Italian child remains ignorant with the greatest difficulty, for not only does Society demand education, but the State offers an amazing instruction free, and parents compel their children to study. All Italian schools are under the Government, from the Elementary Schools to the University, including the various technical schools and the girls' schools. There are examinations to be undergone every year before the pupil can be promoted, and woe betide the unfortunate boy who has to repeat a class!—his mother and father look upon his mis-

fortune as a family disgrace, and he is not only subject to condolences from all his interested relations and friends, but has to study all through the eagerly anticipated and unique annual holiday. The anxiety of parents for their children's examinations has no parallel in England; all children of moderately well-off parents have daily "coaching" during all the school year, and scenes of real distress ensue after the arrival of a bad report. There are scarcely any boarding schools in Italy; all children go to the State schools and study under home surveillance. Fashionable convents exist for girls, but even these are much less frequented now, for even the girls receive the same education as their brothers. Italy is very democratic, and children of all classes mix together on terms of equality in the schools.

The *Lyceo*, which in England would correspond to the upper forms of any Public School, has an extraordinarily comprehensive and exacting curriculum, which includes Greek, Latin, French, Philosophy, Higher Mathematics, Natural-Science, the comparative study of the literature of the more important European countries, and an enormous amount of history—the history of Europe, the history of ancient civilisation, the history of Architecture, and the history of Art. Any boy who leaves the *Lyceo* for the University has already an excellent general knowledge, which explains why it is so common to find some obscure family doctor who knows all about Assyrian architecture and the art of ancient Spain, or a young engineering student who, while passionately studying trigonometry, finds time to interest himself in modern philosophy and the pictures of the later Flemish school. Naturally, ignorant Italians do exist, but they are desperately ashamed of themselves, and hide their lack of knowledge under that superficial brilliance for which they are noted. Even in the very lowest classes there is a great desire to learn. I know a little old cobbler who is learning Spanish so that he may have two languages at his disposal, and a housemaid who always implores her mistress to speak to her in French for the same reason, to say nothing of a woman in charge of a vegetable stall who reads "*Cyrano de Bergerac*"! All classes interest themselves in music, according to their various stages of intelligence; everyone goes to the Opera and to the theatre, where even "*Hamlet*" and "*Macbeth*" are ever popular.

In family life a great deal of time is given to the reading of the newspapers and to the discussion of politics. The women are very keen on keeping themselves *au courant* with all the important events in the world of art, literature, and music, and most of them read French and English reviews. They go very frequently to conferences and lectures, and even those of them who are not in the least erudite pose quite convincingly as "intellectual women," such is their desire to earn this title.

Though sport has no place in the Italian school curriculum, the Italians become excellent sportsmen very easily. They are quick and energetic, and never seem to feel bodily fatigue, besides which, they put into their games much keenness and an enormous amount of *amour-propre*. They are excellent fencers, horsemen, and tennis players, have lately carried off international cups at London and Paris for rowing, swimming, and boxing, and an unimportant Torinese football team actually beat the Burnley team three weeks ago, to the great surprise of both sides! A young Italian cavalry officer has just won the King's Cup at the International Horse Show at Olympia, to general satisfaction. But though the Italians are sufficiently thrilled at these sporting triumphs, they do not let themselves get unduly elated, for they still consider that Marconi does them more honour, and that the possession of one D'Annunzio or Puccini is worth all the football teams in the world.

VERA MARTIN.

Turin.

## Ode to The Bronze Medal.

Thou Jewel of great Repute !  
 Ornate with god and lute.  
 Thou mystic Badge of Promise ! Glad Bequest  
 Of Labour and of Tears ! to some more blest  
 A Harbinger of Glory and Renown !  
 Thou Prize for which our Souls must stive and burn  
 Lest we sans medals homeward should return !  
 Thou com'st at length to crown  
 Our first Ambition in this lofty place !  
 Lo ! I, who feared disgrace,  
 See my Professor's face  
 No more with wrath distraught,  
 For I possess that after which I sought.

Bronze Lamp of Consolation to illumine  
 Our night of gloom !  
 The darkness to assuage !  
 Thou shed'st thy light upon some baffling page  
 Of Bax, or Bridge, or Ireland, to allure  
 Our Souls to wrestle with the thought obscure.  
 (How oft when struggling to the Cadence home  
 Down strange rubatoed Alleys would I roam !  
 And O ! how oft have strayed with hopeless feet  
 When that Policeman "Time" was off his Beat !)  
 I hold thee high to cast a quivering ray  
 On Ravel's "Waterplay,"  
 And set thee down when I am rapt away,  
 Or when I turn to some melodius part  
 Of Chopin or Mozart.

And yet Thou art not all That we would hold  
 Thou Brazen Knocker on the Door of Fame !  
 I clasp thee !—trembling lest that ruthless dame  
 Should leave me standing in the silence cold,  
 Lest I should knock and call upon her name,  
 And should but hear the beating of my heart  
 For answer—and depart  
 An outcast to the darkness whence I came.

O ! Porch of Hope ! Dim-lighted Vestibule  
 Of Academic Honour ! If a fool  
 It be that enters thee he shall be slow  
 To leave thy gleaming portals, nor shall know  
 To his Art's shrine more intimate approach,  
 (Yet is he wise if he hath learnt to hear  
 With quickened heart and ear !)—  
 And genius to admire  
 He did in vain desire.—  
 So stand we, fools and wise together pent  
 In motley concourse blent  
 Unto this Shrine intent,  
 From Earth's far corners circumnambulant,  
 We wist not whether glory or reproach  
 Awaits us on the morrow : if there may  
 Some Inner Door be opened—Who shall say ?

L. GIRDLESTONE.

## SOCIAL

## NOTES.



R.A.M. Club (Branch B) has arranged a dance for the last day of term, July 22nd, at 7.45 p.m., in the Duke's Hall. Fancy dress is optional.

Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Amy Evans, Mr. Harold Samuel, and Mr. Harold Craxton were the artists at the Club Social on May 27th. A large and appreciative audience attended.

Mrs. Russell, who has been convalescing in Yorkshire, has returned to London, and we hope that she will soon be with us again.

Mr. Giovanni Barbirolli was Adjudicator for the Piatti Prize Competition.

The name of our Editor has been placed on the L.C.C. panel of instructors in musical appreciation.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shadwick (née Hilda Clarke), who were married at Worthing a few weeks ago, spent a few days in London looking up old friends before sailing on the "Melita" for Canada. After visiting Winnipeg, Mr. Shadwick will take up his appointment with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

The Misses Bessie Kerr and Audrey Goldstein have returned from a successful tour in South Africa.

Recent recital-givers include the Misses Edith Bartlett, Gladys Chester, Olga Mills, Lillian Southgate, Dorothea Webb, and Messrs. Egerton Tidmarsh, and Rupert Lockhart.

The marriage of Miss Queenie Sadleir to Mr. Cyril Saunders Spackman took place at St. Matthew's Church, Croydon, on April 8th. Mr. Spackman, who is a well-known artist, has been a regular exhibitor at the Academy for about nine years.

Mr. Morgan Lloyd, who has had several engagements with the National Sunday League, played recently at the annual Polytechnic concert at Queen's Hall.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Palmer to Mr. Cassels-Brown took place at St. Clement's Church, Norfolk, on June 17th, 1922.

The following ex-students have been made Associates of the R.A.M. :—The Misses Jessie Bristol, Edith Bartlett, Sylvia Carmine, Olga Carmine, Mollie Halse, Lillian Smith, and Messrs. Jarolay Bauer, Leonard Hubbard, Ambrose Gauntlett, Bryden Monteith, Alfred De Reyghere, Ewart J. Shadwick, and John Van Zyl.

GLADYS CHESTER.

## A Warning

By HARRY FARJEON.

*(Recited by Miss Isobel McLaren at the Sports Social, July 7th).*

I had a norful horrid dream a night or two ago  
 When the gobelins had got me tight for doin'—so and so;  
 A norful horrid dream it was, 'n it made me feel so queer  
 That even Teddy by my side grew palsied like with fear.

I dreamt that all the boys an' girls who make such lovely tones  
 By banging the pianner or by grunting out their groans,  
 Or by scrapin' on their fiddles—well, I dreamt these girls an' boys  
 Decided 'twasn't ladylike to live a life of noise.

'N so they, one and all of 'em determined that they ought  
 To take up, 'stead of music, some especial branch of sport,  
 But lest their dear professors shouldn't think the th'ing a lark  
 They agreed (these naughty students) that they'd keep the matter dark.

What's coming next is dreszel sad, for naughtiness is crime  
 An' them what's steeped in blackmost sin will never cleanse the grime.  
 I know it 'cos I've tried. That's why I don't try any more,  
 But wallow in my wickedness till angels' eyes grow sore.

The love of sport it grew an' grew, an' grew, an' grew, an' grew,  
 Until one afternoon—now, what I'm tellin' yer is true—  
 One afternoon it broke its bounds an' brought 'em all to shanc,  
 Those blokes what for a hundred years had dwelt in spotless fame.

The concert was in Queen's Hall, with all London come to hear  
 The music which one century poor folk had had to bear  
 Whose "Hearts were weary Night and Day" of Vieuxtemps' parlour tricks,  
 Till irate fingers twiched to prove the "Divinity of Sticks."

Sir Alexander waved his wand, the concert to begin  
 Expectin' nothin' worse than just the usual fiendish din,  
 When lo ! a tennis ball was served, as tho' from magic space  
 An' bounced from the head of the piccolo to the feet of the double bass.

Miss Chester swiped a cricket ball, Miss Chalmers took a driver  
 An' drove a golf-ball down the hall, right thro' an old gent's liver.  
 An anguished scream protested his objection to her touch,  
 But the fellow was a critic, so it didn't matter much.

An' meanwhile Schlaen an' Pougnet they had stript them to the waist  
 An' oh ! the lightnings in their eyes as each one each one faced !  
 Schlaen, he looked like Dempsey, an' 'twas absolutely clear,  
 Young Jean imagined that he was Georg-es Carpentier.

Our little Szeminanyi, too, she added to the troubles  
 By takin' out a white clay pipe an' startin' blowin' bubbles,  
 And Ivy R. an' Maudie D. showed classic fencing poses,  
 While Solomon an' Borsdorf played at ring-a-ring-o'-roses.

The ghost of Crotch, it came an' stared, an' Cipriani Potter  
 Said, "Since my day 'tis evident the world has grown much hotter."  
 The ghosts of Lucas, Bennett, and the ghost of George Macfarren  
 Said, "Life among *our* students was comparatively barren."

Then one an' all these ghostesses they up an' grimly swore  
 In a voice like Darrell Fancourt's in the opera Ruddigore,  
 They swore that music's day was passed an' all who served the Muse  
 Had better do a decent die, not being of much use.

The Principal he bowed his head an' called his teaching staff  
 On which he liked to *lean*, he said (he often makes you laugh,)  
 He called upon the staff an' all the noble creatures came  
 An' said they'd follow him to heaven or—well, 'twas just the same.

Then Woof and Wessely fitted by, an' Matthay, Moore an' Booth,  
 Cuthbert an' Septimus gave up the flower of their youth,  
 The Fredericks King an' Corder sadly jumped the final ditch,  
 While Read an' Shinn passed on with looks expressing perfect pitch.

"Not ME!" the Secretary cried, "I couldn't teach a note!"  
 "You've got to come," Macfarren said, "We've put it to the vote."  
 "Not US!" cried Hallett, Green and Cocks, "don't class us among THOSE!"  
 "You force me," thundered Dr. Crotch, "a secret to disclose."

"Those papers which, at sixpence each, you buy from Sergeant Cocks,  
 Depriving your poor selves thereby of Heavenknowshowmany frocks,  
 Those Section Fives and Section Twos he takes from desk and shelf—  
 The things you work from six to nine: he sets them all himself!"

"And Green, that outward innocent, his villainy is such  
 That he worked out Wessely bowing and he made up Matthay touch;  
 And Hallett there, so bland and broad, a king to all intents,  
 That Hallett (shudder, O ye Gods!) INVENTED ELEMENTS!"

"Scrag him!" the students shrieked, "Beset his hardened hide with nails!  
 Make him attend Fortnightlies till his ruddy cheek-bone pales!  
 Strew onions 'neath his nostrils and put pepper on his son!  
 Oh, cut the wretch in little bits, and let us see it done!"

The deed was doed. The duds were dead. Peace to their ashes all!  
 See how the infinite can become infinitesimal!  
 The gobelins had got the lot—just one went up above  
 For Spencer Dyke was called to Heaven 'cos once he won the Dove.

Their former tyrants dead an' gone, the students advertised  
 An' got some new professors who could teach the things they prized.  
 'Twas Hobbs who showed them how to score, and oh! the cries and wails  
 When Donoghue laid down the law and wouldn't abolish scales.

Then Betty took up put-an'-take, an' Joan went in for dice,  
 Her second study poker—which I hardly think was nice;  
 Sandford become the White Man's Hope, an' Chester learnt to bet,  
 While the Hymans an' the Russells formed the Academy Bridge Quartet.

With Roberts as the jockey an' with Berley as the horse  
 They nearly won the Derby, but they couldn't stay the course;  
 The Lucas Prize for cats-cradle caused competition sore,  
 And Whiteley melted maidens' hearts as a Spanish Toreador.

While Isobel McLaren, who's the nicest of the crew—  
 Oh gee! she is a charmin' child; although twixt me and you  
 She can't recite or sing for nuts—well, that delightful minx  
 Won bronze an' silver an' certif. at table tiddly-winks.

My horrid tale is nearly done. I woke up with a start  
 Wishin' I'd left alone those plums, that lobster an' that tart;  
 My drippin' brow, my chatterin' teeth, bore witness to my fright  
 An' Teddy's poor moth-eaten coat had turned from brown to white.

I'm going now. I want to cry. I haven't had much luck;  
 Not one of you has fainted an' not one of you has shruck.  
 I think you *might* have clutched your hair, or called for the police;  
 I think you *might* have yelled: "We cannot bear it! Let it cease!"

I wanted you all twitterin' and gibberin' with fright,  
 Like that poster in the Tube—the Grand Guidgnol—can't say it right;  
 But as you have not noticed what my moral is about  
 I must warn you what'll happen if you don't look out.

The gobelins'll get yer if you do not give up sport;  
 The gobelins'll have yer if you don't learn what you're taught.  
 If you trample on the lyre for the sake of this here Cup  
 The gobelins'll gobble yer until you're gobbled up.

So throw away your bat and ball, take out your book and pen,  
 Swop cricket for strict counterpoint an' do the thing like men.  
 My final word is this, an' it's as solemn as a hymn:  
 St. Cecilia isn't comely as the mistress of a gym.

## Cricket

R.A.M. v. R.C.M.



THE first cricket match of the Farjeon Cup competition was played at Boston Manor Park in June, and resulted in a great win for the Academy by 119 runs. Among the spectators present was Mr. Farjeon, whose presence evidently greatly encouraged the Academy players, for at all points of the game they proved themselves the superior team. In fact, it was surprising to see how well the R.A.M. club played considering there has been little opportunity for serious practice this term.

Batting first, the Academites hit up a total of 156. Pickering and Robertson both batted exceedingly well, the former especially playing very enterprising cricket for his 32 runs. Roberts, who captained the team, and Billington also, contributed useful scores. The College made a very poor reply, chiefly due to the excellent bowling of Roberts. Davies took one wicket for none. The R.A.M. fielding was particularly keen and enthusiastic, two of the College batsmen being run out by Billington and Henderson. Scores —

R.A.M.	R.C.M.
D. Roberts, b. Falkiner .....	17
J. Evans, b. Falkiner .....	11
A. M. Robertson, b. Bridges .....	31
R. G. Henderson, b. Bridges .....	1
R. Pickering, b. Brazell .....	32
D. Walters, b. Brazell .....	2
T. Barry, b. Falkiner .....	1
E. Jones, b. Falkiner .....	10
R. Billington, not out .....	13
H. Davies, b. Falkiner .....	12
P. Purcell, b. Falkiner .....	5
Extras .....	21
	<hr style="width: 100px; margin-left: 0; border: 0; border-top: 1px solid black; margin-bottom: 5px;"/>
	156
	<hr style="width: 100px; margin-left: 0; border: 0; border-top: 1px solid black; margin-bottom: 5px;"/>
G. Hiscock, run out .....	1
W. Gairdner, b. Roberts .....	0
H. Bridger, b. Roberts .....	8
D. K. Falkiner, run out .....	6
W. Meatyard, b. Roberts .....	3
M. Brazell, b. Roberts .....	0
R. Kyle, c. Pickering, b. Roberts .....	6
R. Oakley, b. Roberts .....	0
O. Peasgood, b. Roberts .....	0
F. Thurston, c. Purcell, b. Davies .....	10
J. Dean, not out .....	0
Extras .....	3
	<hr style="width: 100px; margin-left: 0; border: 0; border-top: 1px solid black; margin-bottom: 5px;"/>
	37

The second match, played on June 29th, was a different and sorrier tale. Batting first on a very deceptive wicket, we only succeeded in reaching a total of 59, the one bright spot being Henderson's 15. Going in on an improving wicket, the College easily made the winning hit with seven wickets in hand. Robertson made two splendid catches. Scores : —

R.A.M.	R.C.M.
D. Roberts, c. Mark, b. Falkiner .....	5
A. M. Robertson, b. Rushton .....	0
J. Parfitt, b. Falkiner .....	5
R. Pickering, c. Rees, b. Rushton .....	7
R. Henderson, c. Oakley, b. Rushton .....	15
J. Evans, b. Rushton .....	2
E. Jones, b. Rushton .....	3
R. Billington, c. Falkiner, b. Mark .....	5
H. Davies, b. Mark .....	4
P. Purcell, b. Mark .....	1
H. Watkins, not out .....	4
Extras .....	8
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	59
D. Falkiner, c. Robertson, b. Henderson .....	5
G. Hiscock, c. Robertson, b. Roberts .....	26
J. Rees, c. Evans, b. Roberts .....	12
F. Rushton, not out .....	11
H. Bridges, not out .....	5
Extras .....	5
	<hr style="width: 100px; margin-left: 0; border: 0; border-top: 1px solid black; margin-bottom: 5px;"/>
	(3 wickets) 75

F. Thurston, G. Strutt, A. Mark, W. Gairdner, R. Kyle, and R. Oakley did not bat.

The result of the Farjeon Cup rests on the next match, which will take place towards the end of the term. The game will undoubtedly create the greatest interest and excitement. A good crowd of supporters is a great encouragement to a team. Please be there.

### A Cricketing Story.

Twenty-two cricketers, all so full of knowledge;  
Eleven from the R.A.M., eleven from the College.  
Twenty-two cricketers, anxious for a match,  
Two lost their collar studs and so they had to scratch;  
Twenty stalwart cricketers didn't mind the rain,  
But two saw the weather, so they went to sleep again;  
Eighteen stalwart cricketers, steady, straight and strong,  
Two had inspirations and they stopped to write a song;  
Sixteen noble cricketers, practising their scales,  
Two strained their vocal chords, and went back to Wales.  
They slipped out, oh! so quietly, fourteen gallant fellows,  
But Green grabbed two for orchestra, and made them fetch their 'cellos.  
'Twas late by now and so the dozen didn't stop to think,  
Though two espied an open door and went to have a drink.  
The dauntless little dozen then set out to find a pitch,  
Two heard they'd failed their elements and fainted in a ditch.  
The ten soon found a field, but ere the game was yet begun,  
The two who'd taken ginger pop exploded in the sun.  
The noble College captain lost his bails the second ball,  
And the skipper of the R.A.M., he couldn't bat at all.  
Six thirsty cricketers went to crack the bottles,  
Two couldn't wait to draw the corks, which stuck fast in their throttles.  
Four tired cricketers with nicely moistened lips,  
Two went to Sam Isaacs and ordered fish and chips.  
There were but two remaining, and they heard the word "exam."  
They went to see the notice board and all they said was—  
Here's to Farjeon, and here's to the Farjeon Cup,  
Sportsmen never, never are fed up!

JOHN WIGHTMAN.

### The Hockey Club.

Of the eight matches arranged for last season, two were cancelled on account of the weather. The R.A.M. team won three of the remaining six, and lost three—the total number of points won and lost being almost equal.

Difficulty was experienced in selecting an afternoon on which many members would be free to practise, so to ensure a successful season this winter and to strengthen our chances of winning the Farjeon Cup will all intending members reserve Thursday afternoons for practices?

Ten matches have been arranged for the coming season.

#### SUMMARY OF MATCHES (1921-1922).

1921.			
Nov. 26	v. R. C. Music	.....	Lost 3—7
1922.			
Jan. 26	v. R. C. Music	.....	Won 7—3
Feb. 18	v. Bedford College	.....	Lost 4—5
Feb. 25	v. R. C. Music	.....	Lost 3—6
Mar. 11	v. King's College	.....	Won 7—3
Mar. 23	v. Crostyx Club	.....	Won 5—4

K. H

## Sea Pictures.

Come, Come away, you hear it?  
 The long locked moan of the sea ;  
 The shriek of a bird in the riven sleet,  
 The raked stones beneath her feet,  
 Away ! come away to the sea,  
 Come to the heath, and the purple Dene.  
 The Sands fire-stained enamelled green :  
 To the sea—List ! to the sea,  
 With the clamorous swell  
 The cold sea swell—  
 Do you not hear—the sea ?

K. RANEE CORLETT.

## The One and Only!

Some present-day concert-givers may appreciate this story, told by Mr. Hubert Bath, in the "Era":—

"I remember some years ago a well-known violin professor at my alma mater who ran a series of string-quartet concerts at a certain concert hall each season at a considerable loss. He met a friend one afternoon whom he had not seen for some time, and who congratulated him somewhat effusively on the fine performance of the quartet at the last recital. "But," said our violinist, "I do not seem to remember having sent you any tickets." "No," came the reply, "I paid." "Ah!" cried the violinist, "now I *do* know. It *was* puzzling me so. You were the man who bought THE TICKET!"

## Triolet.

Tears from the soul are blistering, scorching white,  
 And there are fires deep hidden in the snow ;  
 The stars, there, are the guiding of the night—  
 Tears from the soul are blistering, scorching white.  
 Dishonour may obscure the spirit's light,  
 Yet is there cleansing in repentant woe,  
 Tears from the soul are blistering, scorching white,  
 And there are fires deep hidden in the snow.

D. C. A.

## A Ballad of the Gold Medal Competition.

'Twas on a wintry morn 'ere March  
 Her clamorous days had ended.  
 I woke with fearful sense of all  
 That fatal hour portended ;  
 And with a pain I still recall  
 I thought upon the Central Hall,  
 And there my footsteps wended.

There did enroll my trembling Soul,  
 When I at length convinced her  
 That she must join the throng where Child,  
 Youth, Bachelor, and Spinster,  
 In emulous array were found  
 Upon the Platform's battle-ground,  
 To struggle at Westminster.

O ! Brahms ! When I had heard thy great  
 Rhapsodical Endeavour,  
 My heart was like a ship that felt  
 The storm she might not weather !  
 But when I saw that surging host,  
 My Soul was like a gibbering ghost,  
 That knocked its knees together !

I saw the Stars arise and set  
 On the Platform's dim horizon.  
 It was the most astounding sight  
 That ever I set eyes on !  
 (To many a heart that once was gay  
 The Platform is a Scaffold grey  
 That its Ambition dies on !)

Anon that fearful day wore on,  
 More fierce as night drew nearer :  
 And many a hand was guilty found  
 Of unaccustomed error.  
 And still that Chappell's pedals rocked,  
 While hammers at its heartstrings knocked  
 Or left them dumb with terror.

Alas ! that all respite must pass !  
 Fate heeds not weak entreating !  
 A horrid Number raised aloft  
 Was signal for competing !  
 I climbed the steps, and called in vain  
 Upon the name of Tubal-Cain  
 To soothe my pulse's beating.

(No hope at best have I to wrest  
 The Muse's treasured Coin  
 From any who the right possess  
 The Ranks of Fame to join.  
 Yet still I do aspire to fill  
 With true musicianship and skill  
 My unobtrusive coigne.)

The Judge grew stern : my heart did burn :  
 Though scanty praise he's given,  
 He said my pianissimos  
 Were only heard in heaven ;  
 And when I fled before his face,  
 He gave me, with a kindly grace,  
 One short of ten times seven.

O ! Fate Unkind ! My gentle mind  
 Was nurtured in seclusion !  
 Was it for this that I have nursed  
 A faint but fond delusion ?  
 That I, in such a public Hall,  
 Amongst musicians great or small,  
 Should make such bold intrusion ?

My heart is sore : I will withdraw,  
 Impenitent, but Shriven.  
 Stern Judge ! good-day !—I will not say  
 One word reproachful even,  
 Nor on my Fate call curses dark,  
 Lest I should miss by one fell mark  
 My entrance into heaven.

Farewell ! I cheerfully accept  
 Thy just adjudication.  
 Though meek and mild, I am the child  
 Of a determined nation.  
 To gain that mark my Soul is set,  
 And so goodbye till we have met  
 Upon the next occasion.

L. GIRDLESTONE.



### A Chat on Pitch.

HAT are the limits of the human voice? It is always interesting to hear of what "can be done" in the way of high and low singing, though feats of this kind do not go into a "record" book, and are usually almost unknown. It is thus difficult to find many.

The complete range of audible musical sound is from the 32 foot C, four octaves below middle C, to somewhere about six octaves above middle C. The low C can be played, or rather, made to vibrate, on the organ, and some notes in the fifth octave above middle C can be produced on some organs, but, of course, pitch is not recognisable up there. The limit of the piano keyboard is quite sufficient to test our sensibility to pitch! Of the high notes that have been used in actual composition, perhaps the best known is the F in \*alt used by Mozart in *Non paventare* from the Magic Flute.

Arthur Sandford, in his opera, "A Lover from Japan," uses F $\sharp$  in alt; the coloratura passages having a range of three octaves, were written for Elsa Macfarlane, who has a very wide compass; when in her early 'teens she could sing up to C in \*altiss.

Morfydd Owen once sang the Jewel song an octave higher than the written key! This wants some doing!

Evangeline Florence sings G in altiss, I believe. Probably the singer with the most highly-pitched voice was Lucrezia Ajugari (1743-1783). Her range was from the A below middle C to the C in altiss (at this pitch the vocal chords vibrate more than two thousand times per second); she could trill an E in alt. Her voice was very highly praised by Mozart.

The question of the lowest note that can be sung is not nearly so interesting.

Russian basses are usually the best at this, the third octave below middle C being frequently reached.

I believe there is a doubt as to whether the lowest notes of all are really what they seem; some people believe that they consist entirely of harmonies the nominal note not being there at all!

EDWARD PETLEY.

\* *Alt* is the term used for the octave above the treble staff commencing on G; and *altiss*, for the octave above that.

### Guess!

WHO has taken to lunching with *the girls*.  
WHO is the Scottish Lord.

WHERE the composer is of late.

WHO had eighteen cachous put down her back during an orchestral rehearsal.  
WHO is unsnubable.

WHO played the strange new instrument in orchestra.  
WHO forgets his borrowings.

WHO, though not a thing of beauty, is a joy for ever.

HOW often Chloë has had the same remark made to her by singers. And whether it is not rather tactless.

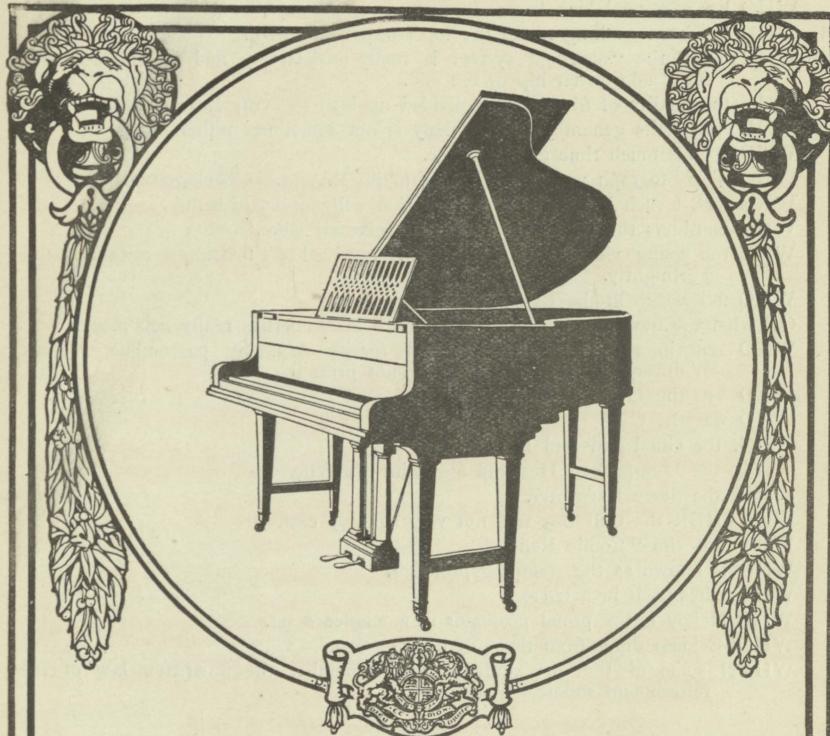
WHO gives lessons in shirt-sleeves.

WHO brought down just retaliation upon himself in sight-singing.

SINCE when have the inseparables separated.

WHY the singer who doesn't sing was invited.

WHO never needs dance programmes. And whether the "one-partner" idea isn't very destructive to sociability at Club dances.



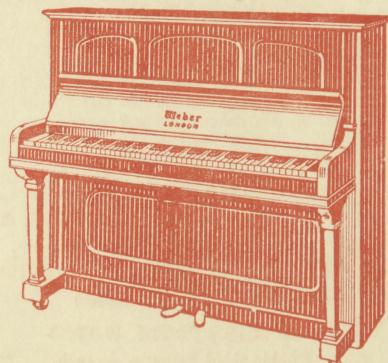
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